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O D E

Performed in the

SENATE-HOUSE at CAMBRIDGE

July 1, 1749.

AT THE

Inſtallation of His GRACE

Thomas Holles Duke of *Newcaſtle*

CHANCELLOR of the Univerſity.

——— *canit errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum*
Aonas in Montes ut duxerit una ſororum
Utque viro Phœbi chorus aſſurrexerit omnis. VIRGIL.

By Mr. *MASON*,

FELLOW of PEMBROKE-HALL.

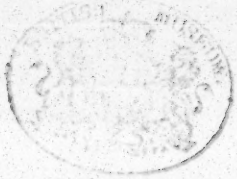
Set to Muſic by

Mr. *BOYCE*, Compoſer to His MAJESTY.

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by J. BENTHAM Printer to the Univerſity.

M.DCC.XLIX.



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234

ODE
FOR
MUSIC.

I.

HERE all thy active fires diffuſe, *Recitative.*
Thou genuin *Britiſh* Muſe;
Hither deſcend from yonder orient ſky,
Cloth'd in thy heav'n-wove robe of harmony.
Come, imperial queen of ſong; *Air* I.
Come with all that free-born grace,
Which lifts thee from the ſervile throng,
Who meanly mimic thy majeſtic pace;
That glance of dignity divine,
Which ſpeaks thee of celeſtial line;
Proclaims thee inmate of the ſky,
Daughter of Jove and Liberty.

II.

Recitative. The elevated ſoul, who feels
Thy awful impulſe, walks the fragrant ways
Of honeſt unpolluted praiſe:
He with impartial juſtice deals
The blooming chaplets of immortal lays:
He flys above ambition's low carreer;
And nobly thron'd in Truth's meridian ſphere,
Thence, with a bold and heav'n-directed aim,
Full on fair Virtue's ſhrine he pours the rays of Fame.

III.

Air II. Goddeſs! thy piercing eye explores
The radiant range of Beauty's ſtores,
The ſteep aſcent of pine-clad hills,
The ſilver ſlope of falling rills;
Catches each lively-colour'd grace,
The crimſon of the Wood-nymphs face,
The verdure of the velvet lawn,
The purple in the eaſtern dawn,
Or all thoſe tints, which rang'd in vivid glow
Mark the bold ſweep of the celeſtial bow.

IV.

But chief ſhe lifts her tuneful tranſports high, *Recitative.*
When to her intellectual eye
The mental beauties riſe in moral dignity:
The ſacred zeal for Freedom's cauſe,
That fires the glowing Patriot's breaſt;
The honeſt pride, that plumes the Hero's creſt,
When for his country's aid the ſteel he draws;
Or that, the calm yet active heat,
With which mild Genius warms the Sages heart,
To lift fair Science to a loftier ſeat,
Or ſtretch to ampler bounds the wide domain of art.
Theſe, the beſt bloſſoms of the virtuous mind, *Air* III.
She culls with taſte refin'd;
From their ambroſial bloom
With bee-like ſkill ſhe draws the rich perfume,
And blends the ſweets they all convey
In the ſoft balm of her mellifluous lay.

V.

Is there a clime, where all theſe beauties riſe *Recitative.*
In one collected radiance to her Eyes?

Is there a plain, whoſe genial ſoil inhales
Glory's invigorating gales,
Her brighteſt beams where Emulation ſpreads,
Her kindlieſt dews where Science ſheds,
Where ev'ry ſtream of Genius flows,
Where ev'ry flower of Virtue glows?
Thither the Muſe exulting flies,
There ſhe loudly cries——

Chorus I. All Hail, All hail,
Majeſtic GRANTA! hail thy awful name
Dear to the Muſe, to Liberty, to Fame.

VI.

Recitative. You too, illuſtrious Train, ſhe greets
Who firſt in theſe inſpiring ſeats
Caught the bright beams of that ætherial fire,
Which now ſublimely prompts you to aſpire
To deeds of nobleſt note: whether to ſheild
Your country's liberties, your country's laws;
Or in Religion's hallow'd cauſe
To hurl the ſhafts of reaſon, and to weild
Thoſe heav'nly-temper'd arms whoſe rapid force
Arreſts baſe Falſhood in her impious courſe,
And drives rebellious Vice indignant from the field.

VII.

And now ſhe tunes her plauſive ſong *Air* IV.
To you her ſage domeſtic throng;
Who here, at Learning's richeſt ſhrine,
Diſpence to each ingenuous youth
The treaſures of immortal truth,
And open Wiſdom's golden mine.
Each youth inſpir'd by your perſuaſive art, *Recitative.*
Claſps the dear form of virtue to his heart;
And feels in his tranſported ſoul
Enthuſiaſtic raptures roll,
Gen'rous as thoſe the Sons of Cecrops caught
In hoar Lycæum's ſhades from Plato's fire-clad thought.

VIII.

O GRANTA! on thy happy plain *Air* V.
Still may theſe Attic glories reign:
Still mayſt thou keep thy wonted ſtate
In unaffected grandeur great;
Great as at this illuſtrious hour, *Recitative.*
When HE, whom GEORGE's well-weigh'd choice
And ALBION's gen'ral voice
Have lifted to the faireſt heights of pow'r,

When

When He appears, and deigns to ſhine
The leader of thy learned line;
And bids the verdure of thy olive bough
Mid all his civic chaplets twine,
And add freſh glories to his honor'd brow.

IX.

Air VI. Haſte then, and amply o'er his head
The gracefull foliage ſpread;
Meanwhile the Muſe ſhall ſnatch the trump of Fame,
And lift her ſwelling accents high,
To tell the World that PELHAM's name
Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

Full Chorus. *The Muſe ſhall ſnatch the trump of Fame,*
And lift her ſwelling accents high,
To tell the world that PELHAM's name
Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

FINIS.